

The first warm wind of spring
is like a celebrating child
outside for the first time
involved with discovery.
Promise comes and will be kept
but not when we are ready.
We are ready too soon.
Then one day we forget to believe
and we are ready without believing.
What do we do then?

his desire for my body
this is all i care to know.
he wishes me to learn philosophy
read great lit.
understand the abstract
and
communicate concretely.
i study
i even learn
but i still wait for his desire
for this is all i care to know.

It is good to grow old &
watch the young girls giggle.

I watch his beard grow
& it is a noisy watch
the bumping of cells
& telegrams to the center
the squeaking of the thrust
out into the air
-- Birth --
then, his mother said
"It looks so grubby, son."